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VOICES OF THE PAST
PRESENT AND FUTURE

J O S E P H B U S H N E L L



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Voices of the Past, Present and Future

BY
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||



JACKSON, MINNESOTA
MCMIX



The Banker's Lesson

A banker had been brought up under religious influences, but had not become a Christian, although conscience gave him no peace for not having done so. Returning from his office at the close of a day during which the first snows of winter had fallen, he met two little boys thinly clad and shivering with cold, yet still trying to cheer each other and make the best of the situation. Here is where our story begins:

The banker had sat all day at his desk,
He was weary and sad, with care oppressed,
For, although he had gold, aye, thousands to spare,
“What is gold,” he said, “gold, when the heart’s in
despair ?

Many friends have I who my gold would share,
What are friends bought with gold when the heart’s in
despair ?

O days of my childhood, how joyous and fair,
’T is true I was poor, but contentment was there.
Now, my heart has grown cold, like this snow laden air.
What is gold, bright gold, when the heart’s in despair ?
I have houses, and lands, and palatial store,
But my joys have all fled. Will they come no more ?”
Just then he met two ragged street boys
And heard at his side a bright, cheery voice.
“See, Johnny, the snow has covered the grass below,
But it ’s summer yet, Johnny, under the snow.”

The banker long pondered those sweet, simple words,
Somehow they recalled the song of the birds
On the sunny hillside; his dear mother's prayers
When they lived in a cottage. Would God he were there.
"O God! I am weary, heart weary of sin,
Drive out this cold winter, let summer come in,
Let the song birds sing, and the flowers blow,
And new life spring from beneath the snow.
Long I've denied thee what was thine own,
Long to the world and to self I have sown.
I've given to thee scarce a thought, or a prayer
While thy gifts to me have been free as air.
Little of joy or peace, have I known,
For duty undone, has left sorrow alone;
Yon barefooted boy in this bleak, winter air
I envy, O God! for my heart's in despair.
Forgive me, I pray, if forgiveness there be,
O God of my life, for a sinner like me.
Henceforth I'll not bow at Mammon's guilt shrine,
But now, and forever, my heart shall be thine.
The wealth thou hast given, I no longer will hoard,
'T is thine, O thou God, I so long have ignored.
The lowly and poor, thy bounty shall share,
And I'll trust in thee fully to save from despair."

Christian at Mount Sinai and Calvary

No man ere climbed that height, or will,
Save He whose cross crowned Calvary's hill.
On its beetling crag the Pilgrim saw
These dreadful words, "By deeds of law."
No man is justified nor saved,
No word of hope is there engraved.
This pathway barred, his glance then lit upon
A cross upraised and Him who hung thereon.
Hard by the cross, on hither side, a gate.
O'er it he read, "This gate is called straight.
So straight it is, that none can entrance find
Save those who leave all weight of sin behind."
Doubting, the Pilgrim stood, wistful to pass
Lest, burdened thus he be shut out at last.
"Knock, it shall be opened." 'T was the voice
Of Him who hung transfixed upon the cross.
More words He spake of hope and loving cheer,
With look the Pilgrim cost the penitential tear.
O, Conquering Love, majestic love divine,
O Christ! Such gift to man is thine!
Thus 't was this fainting soul, weary of sin,
Looked on His face, believed, and entered in.
One step within the gate this wonder wrought,
His burden's crushing weight he felt as naught.

His load of sin was loosed, 't was gone,
And then there fell into his heart a song,
First strain of that "New Song," which those alone
Redeemed will sing around God's throne.

Christian in the Narrow Way

Thus far on my pilgrim way,
Back turned earthward, face towards day.
Stumbling often: prone to stray.
Shunning Sinai; cast at Calvary
All my load of sin and woe.
Darkness fleeing. Hope's star beaming
Rays of brightness o'er my soul.
If the storm comes round me lashing,
Ne'er its waves shall o'er me roll.
Keep me, Lord, from fatal straying,
Keep my footsteps in Thy way.
May my love to Thee, still growing,
Bind me close with Thee to stay.

Christian in Doubting Castle

Ah me, Ah me! And is it all in vain,
That I have walked, and fought Apolyon in a rain
Of fire, that hell's high Priest alone could send?
'Gainst that fierce storm the heavens did defend;
But now in Doubting Castle's loneliest cave
I'm pent, and e'en the Almighty has forgot to save.
'T were better, far, that I had never been,
Than in this lonesome dungeon find an end.
Despair holds sway; hope seems forever fled.
One ray of sun this Stygian gloom athwart
I think would warm my almost frozen heart;
But heaven itself is shut against my prayer.
Alas! I fear I ne'er can enter there.
My soul is like a ship dismantled,
Driven before the wind, helpless and lost.
The sea is bottomless; no anchor holds,
And straight towards the rocks the billows roll.
Ere long upon those looming breakers I shall strand
That tower between me and the heavenly land.
No light, no hope, no joy is left for me,
No anchor safe I'll reach; nor God, nor heaven see.

Christian's First Relapse

"One day, one day of life to me so blest"
Said Christian, with elated breath, as he sought rest
Like a young soldier from a field fresh won,
And dreamed of easy triumphs by to-morrow's sun.
Poor man, one day that like to heaven seemed,
And now his couch invaded by the fiend who taunts
him thus,

Roused roughly from his dream of bliss:
"Weak truant, didst thou think to escape me thus?
Me, who all power in earth and hell possess?
Nay, false one, here I'll end thy short-lived heaven,
Look where thou wilt to front, or rear, even
(If thou darest) look up and thou shalt find
No hope of succor. *I* reign king o'er all mankind."
Aghast stood Christian with bewildered mien,
For though his Lord had given him a weapon keen,
Which none in all hell's leagued host could match.
Yet he'd forgotten the command to watch.
And fear as well as conscience made him weak.
For he who in such fight would win must seek
Each avenue to guard with sleepless care,
Lest the arch-enemy assail him where,
(Both sword and shield forgot) he's left in blank
despair.

The fiend spake true. To left or right, to front or rear
The Pilgrim sought, but found no hope appear.

The heavens seemed shut to his beleaguered soul.
In vain he tried to pray; instead, a roll
That seemed like sound of an approaching doom
Fell from the skies, nor dare one look towards heaven
did he presume.

Meantime, around him fell a fiery shower
Of hellish shafts, so fearful long the storm did lower,
So often was poor Christian wounded sore.
Apolyon's threats that here his heaven should end,
Were not in vain, save God some success send;
When, sinking there; hope gone, and almost life;
God's angel watching the unequal strife,
Spoke to his soul these magic words:
"He yet will save, the battles is the Lords."
Hope lit once more his eye, his strength returned,
He grasped both sword and shield the fight renewed.
In turn the fiend was now abashed and roared
With rage; from the opposing shield his darts glanced
harmless. The sword
Of Christian, flashing, with a dangerous glow,
Both seared, and pierced with deadly thrusts, his foe.
Who, ere long, cast down both spear, and shield,
Spread forth his dragon's wings, and fled inglorious
from the field.

Christian on Pisgah's Top

Hail the first rays of eternity's sun,
The storms are all past, heaven almost begun.
I see far below the lightning's red flash,
And the atmosphere quakes with the thunderbolts'
crash.

But my spirits out-winged all the dangers of earth,
And soared far above, where the lightning has birth.
Below, in the shadow, rolls Jordan's dark stream,
But there's light in the valley; how welcome its gleam.
The river is lined on its farthermost shore
With beckoning angels gone on before.
And One mightier than they, has said "I'll be with
thee"

And I know the dark waters shall not overflow me.
It seemeth not far to yon heavenly height,
To the city of which "The Lord is the light."
The streets are all golden, the gates amethyst.
Even now I can see them, though the vale lies in mist.
Its towers and walls with salvation are strong,
Their guard against foes, an angelic throng.
There's a stream over there, 'tis the river of life.
I shall drink its clear waters when endeth earth's strife.
A tree on its banks blooms all the year round.
"Its leaves to the healing of the nation abound."
There's a song that they sing, 'tis a "song ever new"
Which is sweeter than any the angels e'er knew.

As I listen, I think I catch the first strain
(Breathed soft through azure) of that glorious refrain.
Soon I shall join the heavenly choir,
Singing praises to God and the Lamb evermore.

The Dying Christian

Calmly looking towards the shadowing west,
Watching the low descending sun,
His eager spirit plumed for mansions blest;
Life's day at end, and heaven begun.

Eternal Probation

God's mercy endureth forever — *Bible*
Will mercy cease when sounds the knell of time?
Hope, is eternity no realm of thine?
Will heaven's door shut for once and aye,
Leaving for Prodigals' return no way?
Is there no beacon on the heavenly shore
That voyagers, in outer darkness there,
Tossed on the wave, homesick, forlorn,
May, guided by its ray, outride the storm?
Will the Eternal Father ne'er forgive,
That those who come to him, may live?
An earthly parent seeks an erring son,
However far he may have gone from home.
And shall the All-loving One not seek to win
His child, although he's wandered far from Him?

A Farewell to the Truckee

From the topmost crag of Nevada's heights,
From its depths of eternal snow,
Leap the waters of Truckee, clear and bright,
As they dash to the plain below.
Of late, one sunny October day,
I sat on its mossy banks,
'Neath the shade of the stalwart pines that sway
In serried guardian ranks,
And thought, — as I heard the cataract's roar,
And watched with a curious eye
The spotted trout near the pebbly shore,
And above, the cloud-flecked sky, —
Of as bright a day in the long ago,
When I trod these wilds before
And saw afar, where capped with snow
The mountains skyward tower.
'T was eighteen hundred and fifty, then,
And now it is ninety-three.
For months we toiled o'er desert and plain
From the east towards the sunset sea;
From beyond the Mississippi's flood,
From the land of the "Suckers" bold,
Our steps we had turned in adventurous mood,
Toward the far-off land of gold.
We had marched, and camped, hunted and fought,
(For the Utes and treacherous Sioux

Roved in dusky bands,) and the bison sought
These broad and grassy plains.
We had ferried, and swam the turbid Platte,
And looked from the Rockies down
On the sweet waters' stream as its current lapped
The sides of the canyons brown.
From the Humboldt's side, where its brackish tide
Sinks in the sands away.
O'er deserts blank, as Sahara wide,
We had won our tiresome way.
With the scorching sand beneath our feet,
And the scorching sun o'erhead.
Tortured with thirst. By the tempting cheat
Of the mirage oft misled.
No wanderer in a desert lone
Or ocean castaway
Ere welcomed more the land, or home,
Than we, that burning day
The shade of the mountain larch, and the
Bright Truckee's snow-fed wave.
Now, along its banks runs the iron track,
Full many a score of miles,
And the locomotives' roar and shriek
Fills the echoing defiles.
In many a cozy nook and glade,
White cottages surprise.
In loveliness and thrift arrayed
Romantic hamlets rise.

Kine graze upon the grassy slopes,
And, from the mountain side,
Echoes the sturdy woodman strokes.
From morn till even-tide
But a varied landscape still appears,
As we follow the iron trail.
Primeval forests, gorges drear
Walled high with a rocky mail.
In the willowy thickets, red deer hide
Or sport in the open glade,
Where nature holds court, and the cool waters glide
And no hunter's alarms invade.
Again, as we dash with clamor and clash,
Through the rock-ribbed tunnel's night,
Or with labored strain, and action rash
We climb the crazy height.
We recall once more the days of yore,
And think how the scene has changed
Since we sought in placer and mine, the ore
That hid in these mountains, was stored.
But the mountains remain;
As then, so now.
And many a landmark old.
The tall cedars crown Nevada's brow,
And Truckee's waters roll.
But much has changed, and he who here
Sits 'neath these pines, and sheds
Reminiscent and farewell tears

Life's changing pathway treads.

He 's changed, but still he 's true to you.

Give as kindly a nod to each passer by

As you give to me, to-day.

Ye storm-tried Oaks, and swaying Pines,

Old friends: a kind adieu.

As over the hills, down Truckee stream

I take my homeward way.

Fight the Good Fight

Ho, weary toiler, neath the burning sun,
 Plodding, footsore, life's rough highway,
Press on unflagging till the day is done,
 Make each hour count as best thou may.

There is no joy in human hearts so pure
 As that which comes of duty done.
There is no peace so lasting, sweet and sure
 As by self-sacrifice is won.

If set thy path with thorns, 't is kindness done,
 To keep thee from injurious ease.
If dark the night, thou seemingly alone,
 Be-think thee yet God sees, God sees.

Though foes swarm thick as locusts on the land
 When Pharaoh withstood Moses' God,
Gird close thine armor, be not thou unmanned
 Strike like a patriot for his native sod.

Hast seen, on the fair forehead of the dawn
 Before the day ascends,
Fairer than fairest gem by monarch worn,
 The star whose radiance transcends.

All other glories of the regal night,
 Be faithful. Such reward is thine!

Thus saith the One who walked clothed in white,
Faithful and true, the Son divine.

To him that overcometh I will give
A crown of life, and in that crown shall shine
With beams which through eternity shall live
The Morning Star, for he is mine.

Then, up, and on; heed not the lurking foe
Threatening alike, both flank and rear,
Scorn such assailants! Be it shine to show
Fronting the battle's tide, no fear.

What though the trumpet's blast fill the air.
Thy battle cry be, "Truth and right"
Where 'er the fight is thickest, be thou there,
And thou shalt win, ere falls the night.

Going Home

I 'm going home to Jesus
On earth no more to wander.
I 'm going home to Jesus,
I cant stay here much longer.
This world cannot allure,
My friends are growing fewer,
My heart turns home to Jesus
And I must go.

CHORUS

I 'm going home to Jesus, going home to Jesus;
I 'm going where the Tree of Life 's in bloom.
I hear the angels calling,
Their pinions bright, are shining,
My heart turns home to Jesus
And I must go.

I 've toiled in heat of summer,
And in the cold of winter,
And in my youth I often thought
I 'd face the stormiest weather;
But time has changed the old man:
His head is bending low,
His heart turns home to Jesus,
And he must go.

CHORUS

I 'm going home to Jesus, going home to Jesus:
I 'm going where the Tree of Life 's in bloom.
I hear the angels calling,
Their pinions, bright are shining,
My heart turns home to Jesus
And I must go.

I 'm weary of life's journey,
My feet are torn and bleeding.
I 'm sad, and tired of sinning,
Earth's joys are idle dreaming;
My eyes are growing dimmer,
Heaven's lights begin to glimmer,
My heart turns home to Jesus,
And I must go.

CHORUS

I 'm going home to Jesus, going home to Jesus;.
I 'm going where the Tree of Life 's in bloom.
I hear the angels calling,
Their pinions bright are shining.
My heart turns home to Jesus,
And I must go.

The Harp of Gold

From afar in the vaulted azure,
From the depths of ether blue,
Fall notes of entrancing grandeur,
And a song that is ever new.

I ask, as I sit and listen
To the ethereal melody,
O, to me might the joy be given
To join in that heavenly lay.

But my spirit droops in sadness
And my heart within grows cold
That alone can come such gladness
To those who have harps of gold.

Thus sang the old Musician
As he sighed with a grief untold,
Then he grasped his harp and whispered:
“Thou shalt win me a harp of gold.

“In thy bosom are notes yet unbidden,
All thy mysteries are not yet told.
Breathe the cords that in thee lie hidden,
And win me a harp of gold.

“Many laurels of earth thou hast brought me,
With the brightest my name is enrolled,

Now the joys of the blest thou shalt bring me
And win me a harp of gold.

“Speak of the voice of the whirlwind,
Of the roar of the mad, rushing flood
Speak of heights far up in the cloud land
And the depths of the echoing wood.

“Tell the joys of my free sunny childhood,
Ere the shadowy path I’d trod,
Tell of angels, blest angels who pointed
My soul to heaven and God.

“Tell of unbattled armies,
Where men for the right have stood,
And of victories more glorious,
By the peaceful Son of God.

“Now, old harp, most truly I thank thee,
For my soul with ecstasy thrills
As the answering chords so grandly
Vie with those on the heavenly hills.

“But thy tones still add to my longing.
A longing that cannot be told,
To join the choir who are thronging
The skies, with their harps of gold.

“Rest, harp! Peace to thy throbbing wire.

I will transcribe the tones thou hast told,
And seek to catch those of the angelic choir
As they tune their harps of gold.”

O'er his score of music bending,

Sat the bard through the night hours weird.
His pen o'er the pages straying,
Till the end of the score appeared.

His cheek grew wan with watching

For many days had fled
Since he closed his eyes in slumber,
And he scarce had tasted bread.

But his face now lit like the dawning,

And his eyes with a joy supreme.
Heaven will satisfy his longing
And make real his golden dream.

Then he grasped his harp and whispered:

“Speak again as ne'er before,
For although thou hast long been slighted
I would strike thy chords once more.

“But alas! for the firm touch blighted,

And alas for the eyes grown dim!
The tones in which once I delighted
I may not recall them again.

“Alas! I ’m thy master no longer.
I ’ll give thee a mistress to win.
Here, daughter, *thy* hand will not falter,
I would fain hear those chords once again.”

With skillful hand the daughter
Struck the old lyre in song.
And the throbbing chords made answer
As the strain she thus prolonged.

’T was a song the angels might envy,
So rich, so sweet and true,
For the bard had caught from the heavenly choir,
The song that is ever new,

And as the old man sat, half dreaming,
While the magical numbers rolled,
His spirit took flight in the gloaming,
He has won his harp of gold.

Incident of the G. A. R. Encampment at Minneapolis, 1906

Comrade, you hail from the Pine State, and I from
Oregon,

Half way between the oceans blue we meet,
To talk of battles lost, and battles won,
And those who wore the blue, with us to greet.

Have you seen Fred, our old tent-mate? blest if I think
he 's here.

I have his letter in my pocket now
Saying he 'd meet us at the encampment, sure.
But, Tom, his name's not on the register, it 's queer,
I vow.

But, what, old boy, you, too, are looking queer,
Cheer up and tell me what 's the matter now,
Is it about Fred, one to both so dear?
Say, Tom, it can't be that, I 'low.

Four years we fought the rebs, and sometimes bled,
And I never saw you shed a tear till now.
Why, Tom, it must be someone's dead.
I 'm feeling queer about the eyes myself.

Don't say who 'tis, it 's just as plain unsaid.
Fred gone? It 's hard to make it seem quite true,

He was the youngest of the three, what, dead! Fred
dead?

Why, Tom, as I 'm a sinner, I am crying too.

No better soldier ever fired a gun than Fred,
So General Nelson said at Shiloh's fight,
An' added something more 'twere best unsaid,
But then we know old Nelson meant all right.

Fred had the flag that day and led the van,
And though twice hit, until the fight was won,
And through the woods the frightened rebels ran,
Right in the hottest fire, he still fought on.

"Look there!" the general cried. "Superb, superb!
I love a man who fears not shot or shell.
Had I a brigade of such men, upon my word,
I 'd storm the gates of hell."

Yes, Fred was a good boy, and true as steel.
I shall be lonely now,
For since my Mary died I 've felt
The world was empty, but for you and Fred, I vow.

And now Fred 's gone, and you so far away,
With Jane to help you to forget.
Poor Fred, and I — Tom, say,
Ain't it the saddest time we ever met?

You mind the morning we left home (more 'n forty
year ago?)

To join the army at the front.

Mary stood leaning on the gate alone,

Since then do n't seem as many months.

She waved her 'kerchief as we passed,

Lord, how the boys did cheer:

And I — one look — somehow, I knew it was the last,

What, crying again, can't help it, Tom, she was so
very dear.

They 're forming column, are they, down on the
avenue?

I suppose we'd ought to march with the old boys
once more.

But, Tom, I 'm thinking 'tis my last review

For soon I 'll join my Mary on the other shore.

Then let us limber up our legs for one more march

Beneath the flag we followed in the past,

And in this grand encampment do our part,

Perhaps, old comrade, 'tis the last.

An Invalid's Reverie

I thought as I sat in my easy chair,
At my chamber window one day,
Such thoughts as come to the weary there
When shut from the world away.
I said to myself, look out or look in,
Look out at the world passing by,
Or turn again to the soul within
With its ever recurring Why?
It's ever the same. Why this, and why that,
And what is the use of it all?
Why fever and chills, headache and all that
O'er earth the cloud-shadows fall?
Why sorrow invades earth's brightest domain
Shrouding hearts and hearths with its pall?
Why war banish peace, and hate banish love,
The few the many enthrall?
Why the poor grow poorer, and the rich grow
rich,
And justice desert her hall?
Why man for vile pelf, his own little self
Should worship as god over all?
Why the buyer and seller are off the same piece,
Each sure, when he can, the other to fleece?
In politics, law, or what business you please
You must have an eye out or you'll get in the
squeeze.

Why the man of small brains, if his pocket-book 's fat,
Should look down on his neighbor with scorn,
and all that,

Who, though his coat be poor, and his pocket-book flat,
Has a big heart within, and a well filled hat?

Why should D. D.'s and M. D.'s so fully prescribe
For man's spiritual ailments, and his body outside,
When the first will not practice his own metaphysics,
And the latter, alas, will not take his own physics.

Why should the fine lady when out on the street,
If perchance a less fortunate one she meet,
Just turn up her nose with an "O fie, what a hat
I 'd stay right at home, or dress better than that."

Or why thus Mrs. A at her window within
A-spying a neighbor just coming in,
"There 's that hateful huzzy. I do n't care a pin.
I 've just a good mind to not let her in."

But look at the smile on Mrs A's face,
As the other she meets with angelic grace.
"And I 'm *so* glad to see you, pray do come in,
It's *so* long since we met, why, where have you been?

What a love of a hat! Take this easy chair,
I'm just dying to talk with you about that affair.
You'd not heard of it? I do declare.

Why all, quite all the elite were there.
Miss M looked *so* lovely in that cream satin gown
And what do you think? She was there with Jim
Brown.

But, it may be a mere flirtation, who knows,
What, you don't care for Jim? You blush like a
rose.

Perhaps it's mere gossip, and that is a sin.

I'm sorry I spoke of it, you poor silly thing
Why, dear, *must* you go? then pray call again.

But, (aside) I think she'll not find me in."
Why should women forget the old orthodox way
And thus from the precept so far go astray
That instead of well seeking her own house to rule,
She is stirring up mud in the political pool.
Why the followers of Him who's banner is peace,
Love God and your neighbor, let knowledge in-
crease,

Or battle for creeds with might against right
And send out their Satoli's to turn down the light.

Why is the world but an if or a but

Not a yes or a no? To sum it all up
Why the upas of sin, since Adam's downfall
Cast its poisonous shade o'er our garden wall?
Thus, and no farther my thoughts could fly

For its a question that's puzzled the world, this why.
When, lo, at my hand, on my window sill sitting
A rose from its bloom grateful odor emitting.

That flower, full blown, turned not to the shadows

But outward and upward to meet the sun's rays,
So the soul in this world, with evil bedight,

Should so much the more be turned to the light.

The Last Tribute

The day has come again, my Annie, dear;
Just forty years ago, since we were wed, you know;
So pleasantly has flown each passing year
I cannot make it seem so long ago.

Ah, well do I remember that glad morn,
How bright the sky, how sweet the scented air,
The lark's song overhead, the flowering thorn,
All nature seemed to wake our joys to share.

One flower there was, so shy and rare a thing,
I hied me to the woods, and sought it there
Among the first pale blossoms of the spring,
And saw it braided in your shining hair.

Since then, for two score years, at each return
Of April sun, I have like offering made,
And once again, to deck fond memory's urn,
Bright flowers I 've brought from sunny woodlands
glade.

But, Annie, dear, these are the last; no more
Shall I my yearly tribute bring
To you, my love, whom mind and heart adore
The first pale blossoms of the spring.

But what is that upon your cheek — a tear?

Those flowers — you do not braid them in your hair.
Don't mind, my Annie, though they blossom rare.

Don't mind, the "almond blossoms"* are as fair.

'Tis sweet that I go first, this is my prayer,

But you will meet me, Annie, over there;
And flowers white, than aught on earth more rare,
Will glisten in the crown you then shall wear.

* White hairs.

A Prayer

For this we pray,
God grant the day
 May come, and soon;
When light shall shine,
When love divine
 Shall scatter gloom.
When sorrow's night
Shall take its flight,
 And joy resume.
When wrong shall fail
And right prevail.
 Truth's flowers bloom.
When earth's glad throng,
Shall join the song
 Which angels tune.
When Peace shall reign.
Love's oriflame
 The world illumine.

The Veteran's Story of Gettysburg

Was I at Gettysburg? Well, I should say,
Some more of me was there than came away.
Perhaps you 've noticed, I have one good leg,
And half of 'tother is a hickory peg.
Did I lose a leg in that fierce fight?
Wall, Comrade, you 're 'bout half-way right.
I did n't altogether lose a leg there.
One half a leg was all that I could spare.
How did it happen? Well, 't was this way. See?
We 'd been with Burnside, fightin' Lee.
Burnside had bit more 'n he could chew,
For Lee 'd forgot more 'n Burnside ever knew.
An' kind'r backed off, bout a mile or so,
Jus' makin' believe that he would run, you know,
Until he got on Maryies Heights
Behind his works, then he began to fight.
Burnside had planned to take Bob's army in
But found, instead, his own was in the pen.
He thought he 'd whip the Johnnies; but
'T was he 't was whipped, as pretty as could be.
Then General Hooker tried his hand; they called him
Fightin' Joe,
But he had to "git out o' the wilderness" in a way
that was n't slow.
He had the sand, but lacked the gumption, sure as
you are born.

And yet, perhaps the reason was, he 'd taken too big
a "Horn."

Then Lee struck out for Maryland, as straight as he
could steer.

We foller in, right careful not to get too near
For the fact on 't was, you see, Comrade, the question
stood about thus,

Whether we were huntin' rebs as they were huntin'
us.

By reconnoitering a spell, we found they had gone
north,

Crossed the Potomac at the fords, and, marching back
and forth

Just coolly made themselves at home a-meddling with
our biz,

Milkin' our cows, an' such, our fightin' dander riz,
An' marchin' straight on Gettysburg, our vanguard
struck Lee's rear.

Lee about faced, an' turned on us, as mad as a she
bear,

But he found out, right then and there, this game of
bluff was played.

John Buford's troopers formed in line an' charged him
undismayed.

Brave Reynolds came on double-quick, with his iron
brigade, too.

They were all veterans, good men, you bet, an'
true.

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The rebs came on, corps after corps, 'till land, you
could n't rest.

We had but one corps in the fight — so came off second
best.

Then Howard with his Dutchmen came an' formed up
on our right.

They loved sour kraut, an' lager beer, an' just as well
to fight,

But the first day at Gettysburg, we could n't claim we
won

'Cause, fate on 't was, the rebs had there 'bout two to
our one,

But the second day, you 'd better believe, we gave 'um
hail Columbia,

Enough, we rather thought, just then, to last 'em over
Sunday.

But ole Bob Lee, he sent out word an' called his gen-
erals round him,

An' told 'em, they, next day, would get up early in the
mornin',

An' start out 'fore the breakfast call an' try to catch
us nappin'.

They tried it, but, first thing they knew, they found
themselves a scratchin'

Back, down from Cemetery Hill, as though ole Nick
was at 'em.

With shot and shell an' bayonet, we drove 'em 'crost
the valley,

On top of Seminary Ridge, when they begin to rally,
An' got behind their gravel banks an' burrowin' there
like bunnies,
"Come on, you bloody Yanks," they cried, an' we,
"How are you, Johnnies?
You came up north to have some fun! You 've had
all you 'll git in it.
Now don't you think you 'd better run? This fight,
you 'll never win it."
We rather thought they had lit out, an' taken our
advice,
For all that night 'till next day noon, they kept as
still as mice
Then all at once, one hundred guns burst forth with
flash and roar,
An' quicker'n I am tellin' on't spake our one hundred
more.
The air was hot with hissing balls on Cemetery Hill,
An' we sent back our compliments; the rebels got
their fill.
Brave Hancock's corps did there such deeds that all the
world has wondered.
Dan Sickles reaped great swathes of rebs
And Longstreet's cannon thundered.
Then suddenly there was a hush, you might a heard a
pin drop.
Then twenty thousand rebs charged down from Semi-
nary Hill-top.

One half score thousand formed their front, led on by
General Picket.

Ten thousand more their second line, their bayonets
like a thicket.

It was a pretty sight, you bet. We could n't help but
cheer 'em.

"They are brave men!" our General said, "but boys,
you do not fear 'em:

Now take good aim, an' fire at will!" each man of us
obeyed

An' quicker 'n I am tellin' on't we spoiled their dress
parade.

They about faced those gallant rebs led on by General
Picket

"We 'll charge the other way" he said,

"And boys, we 'll double-quick it."

"Close up" cried Meade. "Fix bayonets, right here
we 'll make an end on 't."

We charged, an' took 'em in by Corps, comrade, you
may depend on 't,

Such work! it was but half an hour since Picket led
his men on,

An' now he 'd but a handful left; an' one poor tattered
pennon.

It was a welcome sight to us, the rebel army fly-
ing,

An' sad, for out upon the plain, in piles, they lay
a-dying,

'T was death, death everywhere, by cannon, shot and mortar.

'T was death by ball an' bayonet: O heaven, what a slaughter!

But what's the use for me to try to picture out a battle?

The war is past. Peace came at last, an' ceased the muskets' rattle.

We whipped the Johnnies on that field, they whipped us well on others.

Four years we called them enemies, but now we call them brothers.

Now 'bout my leg! Why, sure enough, I pray you will excuse me,

But the fact on 't was, I'd taken somethin' t' made me kind o' boozy,

An' when I saw a cannon ball a bumpin' and a jumpin' I had so little gumption left, I thought it was a pumpkin An' so I stuck my right foot out an' thought I'd try to stop it,

But the pesky thing kept right along an' took my leg 'long with it.

Hard was it? Wall, 't was rather hard, but then, we *all* lost somethin';

We captured twenty thousand rebs an' gained a glorious victory.

I lost about half of my right leg, an' gained this piece of hickory.

A Voice from Manila Harbor

On fair Luzon the sun had set beyond the red
horizon,

And night her sable mantle spread, which stars alone
shed light on,

When suddenly a rocket's glare shot high a fiery
beacon.

'T was Dewey, who was mustering there his ships to
bring a fight on.

The Spanish fleet had sailed that day into Manila
harbor,

They 'd formed their line of battle there, and said
they 'd go no farther.

Till they had sent the Yankee fleet to Davy Jones'
locker.

When Dewey heard the Spaniards' boast, he straight-
way gave the order,

We'll sail to-night: By morning light we'll reach
Manila harbor.

'T would have done you good (I think) to 've heard
the Yankee tars hurrah there.

It woke Old Neptune from his lair, you 'd thought
he 'd had the nightmare.

"Up anchor boys" brave Dewey said "I know you will
not falter.

To-morrow 'll be a gala day, so put each ship in
order!"

They sailed that night, by morning light they reached
Manila harbor.

The Spaniards fired a random gun, then straightway
beat, to quarters,

For yonder comes the Yankee fleet, straight onward to
the slaughter.

"Stand to your guns, boys" Dewey said "I know you
will not falter,"

We 're going to send the Spanish ships to Davy Jones'
locker."

An answering broadside roused the echoes in Manila
harbor,

And smote the foeman anchored there, like hand of
the destroyer.

Such bolts as Vulcan never forged, an iron hailstorm
Fell, as like the fiends had hurled from out hell's fiery
maelstrom.

When lifts the war cloud, it reveals the Spanish fleet
all wrecked there.

'T was glad, 't was sad, for on their decks in piles they
lay and died there.

Proud Spain, of yore, thou 'rt humbled now! No more
the poor and lowly

Thou 'lt grind beneath thy cruel heel along the path,
so gory.

Thou 'rt come to judgment now: the witnesses are
many

That call for vengeance on thy head for crimes of
shocking mem'ry.

The Inquisition's rack and flame; the dungeon's
Stygian gloom,

Within whose horrid walls the patriot met his doom.

Long hast thou cast thy Upas shade o'er Cuba's
garden wall,

And fairest isles on oceans wave, have drained thy
cup of gall.

And now, alas for thee, thy turn has come to drink
like bitter draught,

To that which fair Luzon at thy proud beck has
quaffed.

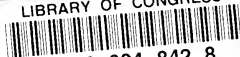
Thy once puissant arm is nerveless now,
There 's none so low, as to poor Spain to bow

Thy ships, that once on every sea, so proudly bore
thy banner,
Now silent lie beneath the wave, sunk in Manila harbor.





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